



OPEN LETTER

To Bro. Eugene V. Debs.

The Emancipation of the Working Class requires a Social Revolution for the Clearing of Whose Path the Revolutionary Ballot is an Essential Means.

Dear Sir and Brother: The Terre Haute, Ind., "Railway Times" of the 1st instant publishes a highly interesting communication over your signature, upon which the capitalist press has, with its usual sycophancy and black-guardism, been commenting extensively. It is not our purpose in this open letter to open a discussion upon the merits or demerits of the late free silver movement. Much is to be said upon the subject, and we believe both you and we have exhausted what we had to say thereon. Our purpose is to ascertain, with greater definiteness than your letter enables us to, what your present attitude is upon the tactics that should be adopted to overthrow the infamous system of capitalism that you have lashed so well and have exposed so completely. Upon ultimate aims your communication leaves no doubt: "the collective ownership of land, capital, and all the means of production and distribution," and "the Co-operative Commonwealth to take the place of wage slavery," which you declare for, is a succinct enough statement of the practical aims of socialism which the organized Socialists of the world are striving for, and which the Socialist Labor party of America, the American division of the organized international movement, is pledged to accomplish. It is on your tactics that we are left in doubt. Our doubt arises from these two passages in your communication. You say in one place:

"I confess to no hope for the tolling masses of my countrymen except by the pathways mapped out by the Socialists, the advocates of the Co-operative Commonwealth."

In another we find this: "The ballot, however much it has been eulogized, has been beaten to the earth by boodle wring from unrequited toil, and as a weapon cannot be relied upon to execute the will of the people while they are in industrial bondage."

The establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth implies a revolution. It is nothing short of the overthrow of the capitalist class and the enthronement of the people. Such a deed presupposes the conquest of the public powers by the revolutionary forces. Now, then, there are but two weapons to this end: the ballot and the bullet.

The organized Socialists of the world entertain no illusions on the subject of the ballot. They know full well that the machinery of election is, as a matter of course, in the hands of the present usurpers, the same as all other branches of the public administration; and they also know full well that, just the same as the present usurping class runs the administration and twists the laws to suit itself, it is not likely to treat the suffrage with greater respect. This view, indeed, is amply proven by history. In our own country, the capitalist class has more than once done as it liked with the ballot; and beginning with the English Revolution of 1649 down to the revolution that here set our people free from the British Crown and the subsequent one that emancipated the chattel slave, the property-holding pirate class has each time sought to defy the verdict of the ballot, and had to be brought to order by the strong arm of the victors. Nevertheless, the organized Socialists do not reject the ballot. They do not reject it any more than a suitor would reject a Court of First Instance, however convinced he was of that court's hostility or corruption, and take his case forthwith to the Court of Appeals, or of Last Resort. In social warfare, as in all others in our present stage of civilization, the legal procedure must be followed step by step; the last resort is resorted to only when all previous ones have been exhausted. Accordingly, the pathways mapped out by the Socialists do run via the ballot box; they are thus mapped out not only for the reasons just given, but also because the revolutionary ballot is in itself one of the most powerful means of aid to agitation and education, without both of which no organized effort can be successfully put forth. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that at the late election "the ballot was beaten to the earth," yet, if it does not precede and clear the path, the revolutionary forces will be "massacred into the earth." Illustrations on this point are too numerous to mention: Lay are the reason why the capitalist class has, as is well known, quite a liking for the Anarchists, despite occasional "inconveniences"; why it simply laughs at the utopian schemes of other milder reformers who also neglect the political warfare.

The shake-up you have given the old fossilized brotherhoods of railroad workers, the object lesson your Chicago strike furnished the nation on the anarchic instincts of the capitalist class combine to render you an interesting figure in the American Labor Movement, a figure that has unequalled opportunities to clarify the situation and consolidate the forces that aspire to freedom, many of which, however, not only grope in darkness, but also insist in pulling others over to their various and devious ways, away from the pathways mapped out by experience and closely followed by the Socialist Labor parties of all nations.

At a certain stage in all movements, and we have reached that stage in America, tactics become as important as aims; an ultimate aim themselves. We feel certain that the working class in the country will appreciate a fuller statement from you on this head.

A "NEW IDEA."

From One Who Imagines Socialism is Promotable by Short Cuts.

From Pesham, Minn., comes a letter, checkful of advice. It proceeds from the idea that the election of a Socialist President is simply impossible; that scattered in 45 States, the Socialists could never do anything; that therefore the way out is for them to concentrate in one State, carry that State and there establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The idea of "concentrating" efforts on one single spot and letting all others go is not an uncommon one. Particularly among those whose activity consists in doing nothing, and who, accordingly, have no practical, but very confused notions, is this idea a favorite one; it spooks in their heads in all manner of forms. Yet it is wholly impractical, most impracticable in the form presented by the Minnesota Prophet.

The Social Question is a national question; in broaching it one must work upon the field that is before him. The Federal Constitution takes from the States and gives to the nation many a power that is essential to have in order to establish Socialism. Plenty of legislation is needed for Socialism that would immediately conflict with the National Constitution. To uphold such legislation physical force, war, must follow. A conflict between the State and the Federal troops would be inevitable. To those who would "fight first" this plan may commend itself. But even if it could be imagined that one State could hold its own against all the other forty-four concentrated in the Federal hands, the plan can be advocated only by those who are ready to undertake such an unequal struggle.

The plan proceeds from a heated brain. Socialist agitation must be carried on throughout the country. The agitation that capitalism carries on for socialism is grand. It is furnishing the object lessons. Socialism is teaching what those lessons mean. One State, it is possible, may be thus captured before the Federal Government is, but then, should any conflict arise between the two, the Socialists in the redeemed State will not find themselves alone. In the exact ratio of the agitation they will have carried on outside of that State, will they have friends there and the Federal arm will be lamed against them. There is no "short cut" for revolution. Nor does the "short cut" idea ever bob up except in connection with wildest notions. Our correspondent is yet fully at sea upon what socialism wants, and why socialism must be.

MOVEMENT ABROAD.

A Hostile Observer's Views Upon Socialist Growth in Italy.

The "Speaker" of November 7th contains an article on "The Social Revolution in Italy," of which the following is a summary: "The Congress of Italian Socialists, recently held at Florence, furnishes matter for serious thought on two points. Both immediately concern the future of united Italy. One is the significant progress made by organized socialism in towns and cities throughout the kingdom. The other is the announcement of the Socialist committees that henceforth their propaganda is to be directed mainly toward the long-suffering peasant population. A correspondent of the Paris 'Temps' is authority for an official summing up of the situation, which is sufficiently startling. One of the present Ministers—a man of broad views, whose thought takes on at times a prophetic form—has said, 'Italy is no longer in the hands of those who made her. She will soon belong to Socialists and Clericals.' Another Italian statesman, who has been a Minister several times, adds: 'If we ever have a revolution it will be a Jacquerie.' The abandonment of violent revolutionary methods in favor of constitutional action through the suffrage has already organized German and French Socialists into political parties that come near to holding the balance of power in Parliament. The same policy is producing a like effect in Italy. The Socialist strength has been doubled in three years. There are now twelve Socialist deputies in Parliament; there is every reason to believe that the next elections will return twice as many. They have succeeded best where there was least apparent cause for discontent."

"This is a far graver sign than a mere numbering of votes would lead one to suppose. It shows that Socialism has taken vital hold of a large, active, and intelligent portion of the Italian people. The point which gives rise to most painful conjecture is the attitude of the peasant population towards Socialism. The Italian peasants have never taken an active part in the revolutions of the past. Garibaldi complained that they rendered no assistance the making of United Italy. Until now, also, the Italian peasants have formed no part of those organized societies which have hitherto controlled the political movements of their country. If all this is now to be changed, it would be because of the misery which the present regime cannot or would not remedy."

The article concludes: "In these days of Socialism and revolutionary agitation it is even possible that human tools should begin to think, and it is not a Congress of Florence that would suffice to restrain the action which follows thinking within the bounds of a benign Parliamentary opposition."—London Justice.

SOCIAL CONTRASTS

Which We Are Striving to Wipe Out

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE,

Bulletin of Luxury!

In Mrs. J. Dunn Walton's elegant apartment, at No. 38 West Sixty-fourth street, where paintings by masters, statuettes in bronze and alabaster, objects of art of Japan in cabinets, rugs and ebony furniture carved by exquisite artists, celebrate in rare symphony of lines and colors the beauty, the fidelity and the intelligence of dogs—Pet and Trix gave a Christmas festival Friday night.

Pet and Trix are water spaniels, brother and sister. They went to the door and received with courtly bows Miss Mayer's Skye terrier, and, one by one, the fox terriers of Mrs. Dinsmore, Mrs. Aldrich and Mrs. Gilbert, and escorted them to chairs around a square table upon which stood an evergreen tree.

There was an archangelic dog at its top, with a flaming sword, instead of the Michael of the Golden Legend, or the ballet dancer of the new pagans. There were garlands of Frankfurter sausages in the branches, illuminated by pink mica lanterns and ornamented with cake, candy and crystallized fruit. Pet and Trix knew how to temper, by their exemplary demeanor, the explosions of joy which a spectacle like that could not have failed to provoke from their guests. How happy they were!

The guests of Pet and Trix had a supper of candy, cakes and ice cream, served to them by beautiful women in evening dress. The guests of Pet and Trix drank crystal water from saucers of Sevres and Limoges. They were entertained with quadrilles danced by women only, to the music of a chorus of women. Canary birds in a cage enlivened the evening's harmony with their prettiest trills. The old parrot whom Pet and Trix have been taught to regard with reverence, said nothing insolent or even frivolous.

The guests of Pet and Trix went home with new ribbons, and bouquets of violets. They were invited to come again on New Year's night.

New York's Four Hundred has ceased to be conservative. It seems to be striving to become the wildest set in the world. It will be a long time before the town stops discussing the fact that a captain of police felt justified in leading his officers into Sherry's ultra fashionable banquetting halls and threatening to raid a bachelor supper given there by Clinton Burton Seelye, on the ground that it was to be accompanied by immoral dances.

There are many stories about the affair. The guests say that it was wholly moral, but admit that it was lively—very lively. The police captain declares that only his interference prevented it from becoming a very wicked episode.

A flash-light photograph of the assembled company was taken at supper. Several times throughout the evening groups of the aristocratic revellers were artistically arranged and flashlight pictures taken. Every guest was given a souvenir in the form of a clever reproduction of a water-color sketch by Metcalf.

Mrs. George B. De Forest, one of the guests, was dressed in an Oriental costume. Her gown was light and gauzy, and a handsome yashmak was wound about her head. This took fire, and the fire was extinguished with champagne amidst wild merriment, poured upon her by elite bartenders.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt appeared in the uniform of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt was a true Salvation Army lass, but her gown was better fitting and more elaborate than any to be seen in the Fourteenth street headquarters. Her husband wore the regulation Salvation Army cap.

When Reginald de Koven appeared in the guise of Herr Most, his entry was greeted with a roar of laughter. He wore a red wig and ragged beard, and carried what looked like a full-fledged dynamite bomb in his hand.

Miss Breeze, a sister of James Lawrence Breeze, the host, came in the dress of a nun. The Breezes are Roman Catholics, by the way, while Mrs. Breeze is a niece of Bishop Potter.

This was the first of this season's society evenings at Mr. Breeze's studio. There have been others in the past. About the first of them occurred a year ago. It was a midnight stag party of the most prominent society men. Along about midnight, after several courses had been served, a pie was brought in. It was so big that it took two men to carry it, and, as Mr. Breeze stood up to carve the crust, he explained that it contained a bird of rare and luscious excellence. Thereupon a young girl, tall and slender, but very airily clad, arose from the pie and stood in the centre of the table smiling. Her hair hung down upon her shoulders, and she modestly shielded her eyes with her hands. The event would quickly have been forgotten but for the fact that the mother of the girl soon after made complaint that her daughter was missing.

The young girl did not return home after her debut from the pie in Artist Breeze's studio, and several weeks afterward it was claimed that she was living in an uptown apartment under the protection of one of the guests at that dinner, who had taken a fancy to her as she revealed her charms when standing in the pie dish. Most of the guests were married men prominent in society.

AND THEN AT THIS!

Bulletin of Misery!

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Many of the men who have come here in the expectation of getting work on the canal enlargement beg what they have to eat and sleep at the stationhouses. The others are huddling about a mile east of the city limits, near Roger's Grove. Nearly all of these have been camping for the last week or two. One body of them numbers perhaps 30, while the others run from half a dozen to 12 or 15.

Their camps, however, are very crude affairs, being wholly minus tents and every other convenience accounted to render that kind of life endurable. During the day they hang around the vicinity of the canal, and at night, after building a fire from sticks gathered in the neighboring woods and old railroad ties, stretch themselves on the ground, without a vestige of covering, save the sky, and regardless of the cold, sleep like logs till morning.

After they are all awake a kettle filled with divers queer looking meat and vegetables is placed on the fire, and when it has boiled a sufficient length of time the compound is partaken of with apparent great relish, and then the canal is the attraction till darkness begins, which is marked by another meal like that of the morning. The gangs are composed of healthy, lively acting fellows, much given to laughing and singing, and taken altogether they seem to be enjoying an existence that would be both miserable and almost sure death to the generality of men.

Another thing to be said in their favor is that they are not doing any stealing from the people living around nor bothering them in any respect. Whether they will be rewarded by the employment they seek remains to be developed, but the apparent chances are that, so plentiful are other laborers and so willing to accept starvation wages, that they will be disappointed.

There is a block in New York where the hearse, or it may be the dead wagon, calls twice a week the year round to carry away one of the inhabitants. Of course, it is a tenement block, but even for a tenement block the record of deaths is appalling. It is doubtful if there is another similar division in all the world where the grim reaper visits as often.

This ghastly acre is bounded by Cherry, Hamilton, Catherine and Market streets. Last year there were 91 funerals within its confines. If the past counts for anything there will be as many more by January 1st, 1898. For it is not the least dreadful thing about this block that from year to year its death rate varies scarcely at all. Since 1880 the number who have died in the block has never been less than 87.

In the history of New York City there has never before been such distress among workmen and their families. Over 150,000 people, it is estimated by the State Bureau of Labor, are out of employment on Manhattan Island and the Annexed District. And the list is growing constantly.

These are the people who want to work, who will do almost anything, but who are unable to find the opportunity. Their suffering is something that no one who has not gone about them can even imagine. And for them there is no relief. Charity does not, can not, reach them. They can starve, but nothing on earth can make them beg. They want work, not alms, and there is no work. Most of them would die of hunger in the streets rather than apply to regular institutions for assistance. Of them the Charity Organization Society knows nothing. They are the "deserving poor," of which so much is written, but little known. They have as much pride as the Fifth avenue patrician, and they bear their sufferings in silence, though incessant in their search for work.

How they live at all is a marvel. How, with no money for fuel in such bitter weather as we have had, they escape freezing to death, and, with an empty larder, they yet manage to keep body and soul together, is something difficult to understand. For these people have nothing laid by. Hard times have been grinding them down for three or four years, until the climax came last summer and fall. The "business revival" of which so much has been seen in the newspapers has not reached them. If it exists at all it has manifested itself outside of the ranks of the workmen. Yet one rarely hears of a case where there has been actual death from hunger.

This is due to the fact that their neighbors help them when poverty becomes so great that starvation threatens. It is a case of the poor helping the poor.

Where the decent workman and his wife would as soon think of stealing as of begging from the rich, they accept aid from their poor neighbors, for they know it is not charity, but friendship, and before so very long may come an opportunity to repay in kind.

INFAMOUS

Scheme to Squeeze Employees More Mercilessly than Ever Before.

A Boston, Mass., Company that has grown wealthy on the plunder of its workers, carried on all the more rascally because carried on under the pretense of philanthropy, now caps the climax of infamy. It knows that the unemployed are numerous; it knows that low though the wages are that it pays, there are many receiving nothing, who would gladly earn that lowness; and it knows that its employees know it and are in fear and tremble for their jobs. Accordingly, the company has hit upon a plan to intensify the productive power of its wage slaves. It went about it by issuing to the men the below circular:

In common with many other manufacturing establishments, this shop has been operated for several years with little or no profit to the owners, simply to give employment to as many men as possible, on the small amount of work we have been able to obtain by making unreasonably low prices.

We have now more work. But as prices are no better and are unlikely to improve in the near future, we see but two ways of securing any margin whatever upon the business in hand:

First, We can reduce wages all round, filling the places of those men who object to accepting a reduction with others who will work for less; or,

Second, We can secure from every employee (without the least hardship or any unreasonable effort on his part), if he is willing simply to render his most effective efforts in return for his present just compensation, A CONSIDERABLY LARGER AMOUNT OF WORK THAN AT PRESENT.

This Company will assume, pending evidence to the contrary, that each workman is prepared "to do his best" for the common good, and we therefore request each one, personally—

(1) To exercise greater care in the use of all machinery and tools; to avoid laying tools or work upon the ways of the lathes; to keep all machinery well oiled and as clean as possible; and, when through, to leave each tool clean and in good order; Do not trust any other person or wait for some other time to do this.

(2) "Try and infuse more personal interest and energy into your movements. Avoid all waste of time.—Time is money. Push work forward intelligently and effectively, as if it were 'your own personal interest' to keep its cost as low as practicable. Any piece of work may be pushed, or may, through the tendency of the workman to 'take things easy,' be permitted to consume more time and consequently to cost more than the smallest possible sum.

Although we are happy to recognize the fact that in connection with certain workmen the above request may be unnecessary, we address each one personally in order that those who are not doing their most effective work may, by increased application, render further suggestions of this nature superfluous.

This may take rank with some of Dante's conceptions of most refined torture.

A Series of Twelve Lectures on Socialism by Lucien Sanial, with the following programme for the first four lectures:

Part 1—"Historic Introduction" (3 lectures).

1. January 12th, 1897: Prehistoric Times. The Patriarchal Era. Constitution of the Natural Family into a Social Family. Primitive Communism of the Tribe. First Division of Labor. War and Slavery. Property in Man the First Private Property. Rise of the Warrior Class. End of the Patriarch and Advent of the King.

2. January 19th, 1897: Historic Antiquity. The Monarchical Era. Castes and Classes. Wreck of Ancient Civilization and Advent of the Feudal Lord.

3. January 26th, 1897: From Feudalism to Capitalism. Economic and Social Conditions in the Middle Ages. Influence of the Discovery of America, and the Consequent Colonial Policies of Europe, on the Development of Industry and Commerce. Rise of the "Third Estate." Revolution. Enthronement of the Bourgeois.

Part 2—"Economics of Capitalism" (6 lectures).

4. February 2d, 1897: Value in Use and Value in Exchange. Surplus Value. Labor Power a "Merchandise." Consequent Enslavement of the Wage Working Class.

These lectures will be delivered:

In Brooklyn, at 515 Fulton street, every Sunday at 3 p. m.; at the Labor Lyceum, 949-955 Willoughby avenue, every Tuesday at 8 p. m.

In Newark, N. J., at 76 Springfield avenue, every Sunday at 8 p. m.

In Paterson, N. J., at Town Clock Building, every Wednesday at 8 p. m.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 5.—Am pleased to inform the comrades that several young men, over fifteen years of age, of this city, have plainly seen that the only complete remedy for the miserable condition of the people is socialism, and thereupon have formed a club called the "Young Men's Socialist Club," which holds its meetings the second and fourth Fridays of each month at Aurora Hall, 135 Union street. Our members will do all they can to help the Socialist Labor party.

SAMUEL STODEL.

Free lectures on Socialism will take place on Sunday, January 10th, 8 p. m., at the following places: Stuyvesant Hall, 351 East 17th street, where A. S. Brown will lecture on "Misconceptions of Socialism;" at Hudson Building, corner of 37th street and Eighth avenue, H. Vanderporten will lecture on "Mr. Nobody of Nowhere;" and at Webster Hall, 140th street and Third avenue, where Peter Burrows will lecture on "False Hopes."

"THE OTHER SIDE"

"Upper Crust" Illiteracy.

The Capitalist System Does not Only Breed Illiteracy and Ignorance Among the Disinherited, It Also Promotes Illiteracy Among the Idle Enjoyers of Life.

In the last PEOPLE a calcium light was turned upon the low intellectual level that the present social system kept those in who had to start in early life to work, and whose noses were all the way through held so closely to the grindstone of toil, either as wage slaves or middle class men, that their opportunities for general information were almost none. The answers published in these columns of the applicants for the police force to the question, Who was Abraham Lincoln, made the point clear. To-day we shall turn the calcium light higher, and reveal the moral and intellectual state that our rulers are in.

Two years ago, when Gov. Morton, of New York, was inaugurated, we commented on the wonderful collection of millionaires whom he chose for his military staff. These were the flower from the military ranks of the "400." Under their guidance the militia of New York City was hurried into Brooklyn to help the capitalist pirates break the 10-hour law. How these gentry demeaned themselves on that occasion is a matter of public record, still fresh on the public mind. They betrayed their vulgarity, coarseness, indecency and general low level of character. That ignorance, illiteracy, in fact, was also rampant among them did not then appear. The secret now is out.

The report of Inspector-General Frederick C. McLeewe, just made public, raises the veil and lets out the secret. These are some of the things Gen. McLeewe gives to the public in addition to his report:

"Gen. McAlpin's assistant cannot issue an order straight to save his life. There has not an order been issued from that office for two years that was correct. As for the Adjutant-General himself, Fritz in the 'Grand Duchess' isn't a marker to him. I had no idea until now that the Commander-in-Chief wanted me to conduct my office on the line that Gen. McAlpin conducted his on. Gen. McAlpin's ability was chiefly as a speech-maker. As a speech-maker he threw Mrs. Partington, Mrs. Malaprop, and Tim Campbell in the shade. At dinner he appropriated the time for speech making all to himself. The voice of no other member of the staff ever was heard. When what he said and the occasions on which he spoke are considered, surely they are proper things to report. He has been known to make three speeches right off the reel. At the Yamagata dinner he first dealt with Old Glory, which he described as 'the flag with eleven bars and thirty-four stars.' He was asked then if he wasn't shy on stars. In his speech he referred to the Commander-in-Chief as 'His Excellency, the Chief Executor.' Dwelling upon his magnificent staff in general, he regretted that in a few short months our term of office will expire and we will be obliged to lay aside our shackles." He said that "when the Governor dies his name will go down to posterity." This is but a sample of the many speeches we have been obliged to undergo the past two years. On one occasion in camp, when the natives objected because some of the men went in bathing nude, he promised "to establish a parole at once."

When the above is read by the light of the following passage in the Inspector-General's public statements, it becomes still more significant. He says: "At the State camp last year the general headquarters tents, with the single exception of the acting quartermaster's tent, were nothing more than a series of barrooms, which were kept running day and night. The camp was one gigantic jig. Cases of intoxication, even down to the orderlies, were of daily and nightly occurrence. Some staff officers were drunk all the time. Old jags were merely worked over. During the last week in camp, liquor was delivered in broad daylight in wheelbarrows, and the last night in camp beer was delivered by the truck load—in barrels, not in kegs—and the whole night was one grand drunk. The following morning the place looked like a barroom the morning after the biggest business of the year. Empty bottles were piled high, and the Adjutant-General made many speeches. He made one to the staff, complimenting it upon its excellent work, and he made one to the band, in which he called the members his children. During the camp a dozen times I saw negroes walking across the grounds with arms full of bottles of liquors for headquarters tents. These men wore service caps, with the titles of staff officers in big gold letters across the face. The wearing of these hats, borrowed from drunken officers, was as much a violation of the law as was the bringing of liquor on the grounds. The law regarding liquor is distinct. It says: 'No ale, beer, wines or spirituous liquors will be used in camp except upon the prescription of a medical officer of the post.' Yet, in spite of this law, even the orderlies had it and got drunk on it, and played poker until 4 o'clock in the morning. Adj.-Gen. McAlpin is a hypocrite. I say he is a hypocrite because he gets drunk and preaches temperance at one and the same time. He would go to the Young Men's Christian Association in the evening and lecture on the virtues of temperance and would leave these meetings only to sit up until 4 o'clock in the morning drinking rum and playing poker."

Like servants, like masters.

THE PEOPLE.

Published at 154 William Street, New York.
— EVERY SUNDAY —

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Invariably in advance:
One year.....\$1.00
Six months......50
Three months......30

As far as possible, rejected communications will be returned if so desired and stamps are enclosed.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post office, on April 6th, 1891.



SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential)..... 2,064
In 1890..... 13,331
In 1892 (Presidential)..... 21,157
In 1894..... 33,133
In 1896 (Presidential)..... 36,563

Will you bandy accusations, will you accuse us of over-production? We take the heavens and the earth to witness that we have produced nothing at all. In the wide domain of created nature circulates no shirt or thing of our producing. He that accuses us of producing, let him show himself, let him name what and when! We are innocent of producing. Yet, ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to "consume" and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped-up manufactures, whether edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us as though we had the talent of ostriches, of eormorants, and had a divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful, and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on those fields of ours, on the soil which belongs to whom think you?

Thomas Carlyle.

HAWLEY'S WOODEN NUTMEG.

General Joseph R. Hawley, United States Senator for Connecticut, has hit upon an ingenious plan to "remove the existing social friction," and thereby to "bring about prosperity." His plan has the additional merit of being simplicity itself. He recognizes that this talk about "classes" sharpens social distinctions, breeds unrest and saps confidence. He calls it Socialist perversion. Remove the cause, he argues, with exceptional logic, and the dire results will cease. Whereupon he proceeds to apply the principle thusly: "Let the workingman and the capitalist be called workmen; then there are no classes; we all become brothers." Of course—hocus, pocus, presto! all class distinctions cease, and happiness will reign on earth.

We have read many a funny story about the wooden nutmeg industry. The plan on which it proceeded was truly Hawleyan; indeed, it was invented in the General's own State of Connecticut, who knows but by some pious ancestor of his. The inventor reasoned thus: "The reason I don't get along as well as I might, could, would and should, is simply owing to the perversion of botanists in not calling my hickory shrubs Myristicaceae Moschatae; if they only did so, then my hickory shrubs would produce sweet-scented nutmegs. Remove the cause, and the dire results will cease. I shall call my hickory shrubs Myristicaceae Moschatae; I shall hew them down; I shall shape their stems and branches into oval nuts; I shall call these nutmegs; the botanic distinction between them and the fruits of the Myristica Moschata being thus wiped out, the two become equal, whereupon I shall be as prosperous as I might, could, would, and surely should." The clever schemer forthwith set his plan into operation; wooden nutmegs began to infest the markets; the swindler got along better for a while; but the swindled suffered, and when the swindle was detected there was an end to prosperity.

Just so with Gen. Hawley's plan. Nothing the General-Senator ever undertook could have been half so easy as for him, in a recent debate in the Senate, for instance, to have referred as "workmen" to the railroad barons, who do no manner of useful work, yet whose stealings from the Post Office appropriation he was zealously protecting, and thus to lump them together with real workmen—the Post Office employees—a rise in whose wages he was as zealously opposing. Surely nothing is easier than to call a loafer a "worker," or a leech the "brother" of his victim. But would such a sleight-of-tongue change facts? Gen. Hawley should look back to the fate of his prototype—the wooden nutmeg genius. Hickory staves, cut and chiseled into nutmeg shapes, remained hickory wood; the schemer only profited, and that only for a while; but his very profit will only work an intensification of the social evils, just as if a wolf were to disguise himself in sheep's skin. The fraud would soon be discovered and there would be—just where we started from.

The capitalist is an idler, living on the plunder of the workers. That fact nothing can disguise or conceal; nor can any phrase long suspend the irrepressible conflict that rages between the two. Class distinctions must continue, social unrest must increase until the idler class is overthrown, and that social system is reared where no deceptive phrases will be needed to estab-

lish the fact that all who live are workers—seeing that all who don't work will live only on the headstones of their graves.

The agitation for municipal ownership of the gas plant of New York has provoked from the Mayor a subtle expression of opinion. Says he:

"If this project had been taken up forty or fifty years ago, it would have been a splendid thing, but now the gas companies own so much property that it would take more money to buy their plants than the city can spend."

Does this mean that the Mayor must be set down as opposed to the plan? By no means. Just the reverse.

In the first place, the "un-American" objection is not made by him. What ever suits the capitalist becomes highly patriotic.

In the second, the capitalists have now more money than they know what to do with. To start new undertakings has become a very risky thing at this stage of concentration. Government bonds become, under such conditions, veritable tid-bits. The more of them the merrier. The dearer a concern to be municipalized, all the more extensive must be the bond issue. The very men who would invest in bonds to purchase the gas plant, probably this identical Mayor among them, are now the owners of gas stock. What a great scheme to convert declining stocks into good interest-paying bonds; and how very subtle the Mayor's hint to the stockholders to raise the price, and thereby enlarge both immediate and prospective bond-profits!

The capitalists can "beat the devil"; nor can anything beat them but a thorough-paced revolutionary movement of the proletariat.

The pledges for the DAILY PEOPLE are coming in with encouraging promptness, and the letters that accompany them show an enthusiasm that augurs well. The pledges will, however, have to average an aggregate of \$1,600 a week to reach the needed \$50,000 by September 1st. So far, the average has not been reached; but that was to be expected during the first weeks. All signs point to the likelihood of the fund being in full, and to the birth this year of our SOCIALIST DAILY. Let every true Socialist convert himself into an agent to accomplish this great work.

Certain "hearings," called "Tariff hearings," are going on in Washington. What do they illustrate but the fact that this is a government of the capitalists, by the capitalists, for the capitalists? The men who are going before the Committee represent only the bulging pockets and paunches of the class that is living on the workers. The workers themselves are not invited to say what legislative changes they want; and when they do go down to Washington on such an "un-American" mission they are snubbed.

The only way to explain the increased hard times all around, despite the election of "Prosperity's Advance Agent" is that Providence is preparing in his behalf a sort of Black Crook transformation on a national scale, and wishes the contrast to be as striking as possible. Banks are failing, treasurers are defaulting, presidents of financial concerns are committing suicide, factories are shutting down, workers are thrown out and wages are going down even worse than before. Just as soon as McKinley is inaugurated there will be some wonderful transformation. That is now the hope of the hoodoos.

POLITICAL and ECONOMIC.

The Boston "Transcript" dishes up the following dialogue to its "intelligent" readers as the essence of socialism.

"Said the first gamlin to the other, 'What is socialism?' 'Oh, you stupid, don't you know?' exclaimed the other. 'I will explain. Suppose you have a son and I have a son. 'Yes.' 'Suppose I buy a pipe with mine and you buy tobacco with yours.' 'Yes.' 'Then suppose I put your tobacco into my pipe and smoke it. That is socialism.' 'But if you take my tobacco and smoke it, what do I do?' 'You? Oh, you talk and talk. That is socialism.'"

We congratulate Mr. Geo. E. Boomer, managing editor of the Cumberland, Md., "Uncle Sam" if his complete recovery from Populism is to be read in the following principles he prints at the head of his "Uncle Sam."

"UNCLE SAM demands—An industrial system wherein every human being will be guaranteed the right and chance to labor and the full and undivided product of his toil. This the Co-operative Commonwealth alone can do.

"UNCLE SAM'S method to accomplish this is to—Vote for no candidate for office, except city, county, State or national, except he stands on a platform declaring for municipal ownership of all public franchises and the National ownership of all monopolies."

These are ominous words to appear in the "Typographical Journal":

"There are men to-day who have faithfully followed the destinies of the International Typographical Union through all its vicissitudes for many years, men who have laid down the stick and rule at its dictates; faced poverty and refused tempting offers of remunerative situations, at times even to the extent of sacrificing property, for in the face of all this there was the shining star of hope on the future horizon, bright days when honor and self-re-

spect would linger as a talisman of the victory so honorably won. THESE MEN ARE IN A DIFFERENT MOOD TO-DAY, because there is no future."

Indeed, there "is no future" for a pure and simple labor organization. Only such organizations have a future before them that recognize the principles that labor alone produces all wealth; that the profits of the capitalist class are stolen goods; that an irrepressible conflict rages between the robbed workers and the robbing capitalist class; and that the conflict can be ended only by the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the Socialist or Co-operative Commonwealth. The future is indeed the property of such organizations.

"Christ died to save sinners—the sinner lives to make them." Is the fractional truth announced by the organ of the Standard Oil Company and other sinners-producing labor-skinning concerns, the Probationist "Voice." The other half of the truth is: "Ditto, ditto" all of us who live on the backs of workers and make believe that liquor, not we, is the reason of labor's poverty." But this part of the truth stuck in the "Voice's" throat and will have to be washed down with water.

There is, unfortunately, more truth than poetry in the following passage from the London "Justice":

"It is strange that a foreigner is as infallibly lost when he once contracts English common sense, as a South Sea Islander when he catches European measles. Just as the negro who takes to British whiskey is ruined, so is your Continental Socialist who takes to English ways of looking at things. Both are alike unaccustomed to their new stimulus, and furthermore, don't know the good from the bad brands, and so swallow it all promiscuously."

The Pittsburg "Kansan" says a good deal more than it means when it wittily remarks:

"The Topeka 'Capital' talks quite cheerily about some 'wise mortgage laws,' which it claims to have discovered somewhere, entirely forgetting that wise mortgage laws, like good Indians, can be found only in the cemetery."

Our readers will remember that THE PEOPLE of last December 27th stuck the scalpel deep into the idiotic philosophy of the Hartford, Conn., "Examiner" on the subject of "minority parties," and revealed in full the "Examiner's" utter ignorance on the important subject that it had the impudence to venture upon, in "justification" of its wildcat jumps. Those who can appreciate the humor of an exposed impostor on the run; and yelling blue murder while running, will enjoy the "answer" made by the "Examiner." Here it is in full:

"We have received a marked copy of THE PEOPLE, of New York, Socialist organ, containing a criticism of our article of over a month ago in reply to a letter from Mr. Hassock, of New Jersey, advising that we follow in his footsteps and come out openly for the Socialist Labor party. We thank the friend for sending the paper, but if it was for the purpose of suggesting a reply to the matter contained therein, we beg to be excused. A philosophy whose explanation needs such arguments as its (the "Examiner's") sources of support are one of the mysteries of the nineteenth century. It is for that additional reason a false light that rises over a swamp to mislead the traveler; we want nothing to do with it.

"It is said that 'insinuation is the devil's most potent weapon.' Surely Socialism in the United States stands much in need of sympathy,—whether many of its ardent and professed followers are aware of it or not,—in having for its especial exponent in the English language, such a narrow-minded, narrow-souled, HYPERCRITICAL, venomous, unfair, and ungentlemanly specimen of humanity as the garrulous, autocratic censor occupying the editorial chair of THE PEOPLE. If they desire the party kept within the dimensions of a convenient pocket organization, he seems to be just the man to do it. But as it is none of our especial business we propose to say no more about it."

Carl Marx, Alliance, of the S. T. & L. A.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 1.—Karl Marx Alliance at its last meeting for 1896 had an election of officers which resulted in the following choice: Recording secretary, M. J. Kelly; financial secretary, Daniel Sheehan; treasurer, J. J. Pendergast; inside esquire, John J. Flaherty; worthy inspector, William S. Johnson; board of organizers, M. W. Egan, P. C. Mulkenney, D. J. Barry, John Hussey and W. S. Johnson. After the election and installation of officers, all the new officers made some stirring remarks on labor matters. Karl Marx Alliance holds an open meeting the first and third Tuesday in each month, and while the hall is not packed to standing room, yet there are always enough present to show that socialism came to Newport to stay, at our open meetings we always have the politeness to invite our pure and simple friends to take the platform, but for some reason unknown to us, and to themselves, I believe, they decline the invitation. Hoping that 1897 will be a brilliant year for socialism, I am, Fraternally yours,

M. J. KELLY.

LETTER BOX.

Offhand Answers to Inquirers.

Isaac Levin, Organizer Jewish Section, Boston.—Your letter is submitted to National Executive Committee for action, together with other documents from Boston bearing upon the matter. In the meantime read paragraph 8 of "Miscellaneous Regulations" of the party constitution. Private opinion on the qualification of candidates for office may not be given greater force than the party's opinion expressly stated in its constitution.

Jean P. Kellogg, Oakland, Cal.—The matter is in the hands of the National Executive Committee.

AN EXPERIENCED WORKER

Takes a Turn at the Capitalist Economics of Billad Parson Heber Newton.

I wish to contribute my experience to the interesting discussion that has been going on in THE PEOPLE with the Rev. Heber Newton on the subject of his false claims on behalf of the capitalist class.

As a practical mechanic, living in this city of Pittsburg, the great producing centre for 36 years, I think I can show that the claim that the profits of the capitalists proceed from the superior brain power, their superintendency and their inventions, will not stand against my experience and observations. With regard to the question of superintendency, in the iron and steel business, few, if any, of the owners, do any superintending at all. The Carnegie Steel Co. is admitted to be one of the most successful and up-to-date concerns in the country, their works are equipped with all the latest and best devices in machinery; Mr. Carnegie is by trade a telegraph operator, Mr. Frick is a graduate from a "company store" in the coke region, Mr. Leishman is an ex-broker; the early training of these men had in it nothing to particularly qualify them for superintendents of steel works, and they are not qualified for it, and don't attempt to be. Their superintendents are hired; and, as one of the Carnegie firm said to me not a week ago, "We hold our superintendent responsible for results." There is not a partner in the Carnegie firm that can work a heating furnace, or run a train of rolls, or go into the open hearth department and make a melt of steel, or go into the armor plate department and roll a plate; men do not learn these things in telegraph offices or "company stores," neither do they there learn to be superintendents.

I remember the time when there was quite a number of iron and steel manufacturers in Pittsburg who were practical men and did more or less superintending, but they are about all gone now. One of the most valuable superintendents ever in the employ of the Carnegie firm was Capt. Jones, who was burned to death while on duty at Bradstock. He received a high salary as superintendent, and received royalties on his patents that trebled the capacity of the Carnegie mills, and while these patents yielded Capt. Jones thousands, they yielded the Carnegie firm millions.

Take the glass works, the iron and steel works, the coal mines, and many others of the enormous productive industries of Western Pennsylvania, and but very few of the owners ever think of attempting the superintendency of their own business. They are not competent, and in almost every case their superintendents are drawn from the ranks of the practical workers.

Now, with regard to inventions. Take Carnegie, Frick, Phipps, Leishman, B. F. Jones, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Wanamaker, Armour, Sage, Morgan, Astor, and scores of others of the so-called "Captains of Industry," and tell us what great mechanical or scientific device or discovery has any of these men ever produced?

Westinghouse did not invent the air-brake. The inventions have almost invariably been the output of the workers. Mr. Ben South (who is now dead) was a practical iron worker by trade; he was the inventor of the three high rolls, also of what is known as the coffee-mill squeezer, and the cold rolling process—three of the most valuable discoveries ever known in the iron business. He went into partnership with a certain firm here, who took advantage of his ill health and poverty and played a game of freeze-out on him. They became millionaires out of his patents, and he died in poverty.

Capt. Jones did more to create the Carnegie wealth than 10,000 Carnegies could ever have done. Mr. Carnegie has no time to get up inventions, he is too busy donating church organs and building libraries and worming his way into "Society," while 200 men have been killed in the Homestead Steel Works since he has gotten control there—to say nothing of the wounded.

Mr. Rockefeller has no time to get up inventions, he is too busy bribing legislators, endowing universities to teach false economics, and ousting professors who don't suit him, like Prof. Bemis.

How can Mr. George Gould get time to invent when it takes him all his time hustling after pocket-money for his most noble brother-in-law—his nibs the Count of Castellane?

Now, a few words regarding capital. One question: Did Capital create itself? or is it, perchance, of spontaneous growth? Labor is not the product of capital, but capital is the product of labor, representing just so much of the product of labor that the laborer has not been permitted to consume, and out of which he has been robbed. Let any one tell me, if he can, one instance where capital ever created or produced any valuable thing. That which capitalist parsons and professors call the "accumulation of capital," is the capitalistic accumulation of the products of labor.

I have lived in this city long enough to have seen many things, and I write purely of my own experience in common with thousands of my neighbors. I remember when Andrew Carnegie was a poor telegraph operator; I remember when the three Jones brothers, of Jones & Langlins, drove mules on the canal; I remember when Harry Oliver was Carnegie's office boy; I remember when John D. Rockefeller did not have two shirts to his back; yet I have lived to see these men become multimillionaires, and among my personal acquaintances are thousands of men who are the employees of these same men, and who are to-day in a more hopeless and abject condition of slavish poverty than they ever were before, with no prospect before them but an old age and misery and a pauper's grave. Does any one mean to

tell us workmen that the few get so much by reason of their superior talent as superintendents or inventors, and the many get so little by reason of the lack of these talents? Let anyone go into the modern cotton mill; equipped with the latest devices, and he will find one man and two boys turning out that which required 1,150 men twenty years ago. Five years ago, if I had gone through the iron and steel mills of western Pennsylvania and had said to the roughers, the catchers, the hookers, the dragouts, the dragdowns, the heater crews, and many others, that in five years we will make three times the output, and they would be all gone. I would have been laughed to scorn. And yet in less than five years all these things have come to pass. One small department in the American Iron and Steel Works, of this city, three years ago employed 95 men; to-day, that same department turns out twice the output and employs but five men, and yet these are but samples of what is transpiring every day in every branch of industry, including the farm. This is the reason why a few men grow enormously wealthy while millions of others sink into hopeless poverty; hence the justification of Wendell Phillips' words when he said: "Here, on the soil enriched with the blood of the patriot dead, is to be erected an aristocratic monarchy, with wealth as its God."

The Rev. Heber Newton says he cannot see. Well, we know he cannot, because, like many more he persists in looking in the wrong direction. But, though he cannot see, he may depend upon it there are a whole lot of workmen in this country, and their number is growing, who can see. There is none so blind as those who will not see. When the Rev. Heber Newton should turn his eyes in the right direction, he will see, and quick enough, too; but when he does he must be careful not to get up in his pulpit and say anything about it, or he will find himself, along with yours truly, in the ranks of that very numerous but highly objectionable army of the unemployed. In the city of London, one out of every four persons passing along in the streets, dies, either in prison, the almshouse, or the insane asylum. I need not say that we, on this side of the waters, are not far behind and are gaining rapidly on European misery.

This is an enormously wealthy community. A few men accumulate fortunes in a few years that outstrip the wildest dreams of those not familiar with the facts. It is a community whose productive ability cannot be comprehended by outsiders; and two things I have observed: one is, that those men who have accumulated the largest fortunes in the shortest time, are the men who employ the largest number of other men; and again, while the outputs of these plants are being doubled and trebled, yet fewer men are employed every year and wages are constantly going lower and lower. Here we are face to face with a deep question. Every day of my life, on the streets of this city, I find scores of men who are sober, honest, and skillful workmen, and who a few years ago had good jobs and made good wages. Now, when I meet these men they show an anxious and downcast countenance; their clothing is shabby; a few moments' conversation shows a mind ill at ease—thrown out of work and unable to get anything to do. Is there no question of justice involved in all this? Does not the fact of life convey with it the right to live? Modern political economy classifies labor as a commodity, it does not understand that labor is a right, and must be allowed the free exercise of its powers.

In regard to "profit sharing," that is only a bribe to silence, a tub thrown to a whale. Count Tolstol, of Russia, says: "Society is willing to do anything for the workingman except to get off his back." Capitalism has offered us many things in lieu of justice, including the intolerable insult of charity.

I know little of and care less for the Rev. Heber Newton and his congregation. The working people have learned that they have nothing to expect from the churches and the parsons. The people in the churches are just what the present economic system makes them; the church is made to fit the people, and the parson is made to fit the church—we have but little in common. The Rev. Heber Newton had better stick to his texts; in dealing with economic questions he is but an infant.

In this city, on a certain street, is a most magnificent church, the organ and choir pour forth strains so grand and sublime that in fancy we are transported almost in sight of the pearly gates, and the eloquent pulpit orator, with his finely trained and modulated voice tickles our ears with his sweet poetic nothings. It would all be so nice and pleasant but for the brothel that flanks the church on one side, and the saloon on the other, and right across the street is the grim temple dedicated to legislative murder, whose portals are decorated by the sculptured cannons crossed, and into which our young men are inveigled in order that they might be duly instructed in the noble art of how to kill their neighbors when the proper time comes—services in the temple of murder are held during the week, services in the other temple across the street are held on Sundays, and the parson reads out of that grand old book that says, "Thou shalt not kill," and the congregation answers, "Amen." Ditto, ditto, in New York, where the Rev. Heber Newton "cannot see."

JAMES S. HOWARD.

Pittsburg, Pa.

COURAGE, ONWARD!

[Written for THE PEOPLE by SAMUEL SCHIFFMANN, N. J.]

We are at the brink of freedom,
For our voice is heard at last,
Ringing in the ear of mankind,
Struggling on and spreading fast.

We are toiling, we are sweating,
Through the ages that have gone,
We were in the slavery bondage,
For the despot, working on.

Nature's beauty was thus hidden
From us and our children dear;
Compelled to toil, and joys forbidden,
Beasts we were obliged to rear.

But now we demand our freedom,
For our voice is heard at last,
Ringing in the ear of mankind,
Struggling on and spreading fast.



UNCLE SAM'S BROTHER JONATHAN

Uncle Sam—"Tis getting worse and worse. More and more men out of work, more and more failures; more and more suicides; ever more misery. I wonder how long the people will put up with this nuisance of capitalism."

Brother Jonathan—"You and all Socialists are enlisted in a ridiculous campaign. You want to change the laws of nature. You cant do it. All these evils you complain of are natural."

U. S.—Are they more "natural" than for cholera microbes to kill?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you were running around wild a few years ago when cholera ships arrived in port, to pour muriatic acid to counteract the natural effect of the microbe. Are these microbes more "natural" than that lightning should burn up the house it strikes?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you have lashed in lightning rods to counteract that effect of nature. Are these social ills more "natural" than those our forefathers were afflicted with under King George?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And yet you applaud every Fourth of July the work of our Father in abating the "natural" effect of the King George nuisance. Now, please explain why, if all these things were as less "natural" than the social evil we complained about, and if, as you say, it was not ridiculous and is not ridiculous to enter a campaign against them, it suddenly becomes ridiculous for Socialists to do so against existing social ills?

B. J.—Well, hem, you see—

U. S.—Yes, I see. I see that you know what you are talking about. Two was a time in the history of man when disease, pestilence and famine, thunderbolts, hurricanes and tempests were looked upon as heavenly visitations, punishments sent from above, which we submit to be pious and which to oppose was impious.

B. J.—People were then very ignorant and superstitious.

U. S.—Yes, ignorant and superstitious. As fast as they overcame their ignorance and outgrew their superstition they cared not a rap whence these evils came and they went about guarding against them.

B. J.—Of course.

U. S.—Subsequently, we find a period in the history of man when he bowed down reverently before all the afflictions inflicted upon him by his kings. The latter he considered God-ordained, in former the deeds of God's own Vice—

B. J.—Yes, but all that is over; people are no such fools any more.

U. S.—Indeed not. Enlightenment dispelled the notion that such evils were "natural" in the sense of inevitable. The people grabbed their kings by the neck of their pants and chased them down and out of the high places where they had power to make nuisances of themselves, despite all the king's howlings about such conduct being "unnatural." How did that come about?

B. J.—Very naturally; people got tired of being ridden.

U. S.—Call it "getting tired" or anything else you may want. The fact is this: Even against visitations from heaven, which we can't prevent, like storms and such, we now take guard, however "natural" they are, and prevent with all our might that they hit us. We have gone further and have refused to accept as "natural" the tyranny, and set up our own government. Now, do you imagine that we will put up with being sucked dry by a capitalist system, plucked and plundered by it, kept in slavery and misery just because it exists and those who profit by it call it "natural"? No; to be killed by a cholera microbe is "natural" enough if you let it get into you, but it is equally "natural" to kill the cholera microbe and thus prevent the "natural" effect of its activity. To be taxed to death by a King George is "natural" enough if you allow him to be "natural"; but it is equally "natural" to throw him overboard and deprive him of the power. So with Capitalism—forced idleness among the workers, low wages, misery, slavery, ruin to the middle classes, all of these are indeed "natural" so long as you allow capitalism to have its way; but it is equally "natural" to take the monster by the throat and end his reign of ruin. See?

B. J.'s eyes bulge out.

U. S.—The trouble with you is one of two things: Either you are still in that stage of moral subjection in which all our ancestors were at some remote time, when they blindly bent to wrong, thinking it was inflicted by God;

Or you are in that stage of perverse morality where you derive some benefit from existing wrong, and try to make people think that what you profit by is "natural."

U. S. leaves B. J. standing and scratching his thumb, while he walks off whistling the tune of "Shoe fly, don't bother me."

THE "WANDERLUST."

Latest Explanation Invented by Capitalist for the Out of Work Problem.

Quite often during a perusal of current literature one meets with articles that do much to mislead by fostering old and erroneous ideas. To this class belongs the article by Mr. Josiah Flint, entitled "A Colony of the Unemployed," and recently published in a prominent magazine. Mr. Flint, in his study of the problem of which he writes, confines his investigations wholly to a colony of forty-two men in remote Bielefeld, Westphalia. The result, in his own words, is as follows: "I found them all more or less responsible for their own condition; they could have found work if they wanted to, but they were possessed of the 'Wanderlust' (a German expression signifying a desire to wander, to tramp.)" It is plain that this method of leaving the centres of capitalism to study one of its phases in a part of Germany almost entirely removed from its influence, is productive of results more partial than conclusive. For who will say that the unemployed are favorably inclined toward charity colonies and will go to them in their hour of need? From what we know of the unemployed working class, charity is their last resort; that starvation, ay, in many cases even suicide is preferable to them, and that, consequently, charity colonies, wood yards, etc., are no criterion by which to judge the unemployed or formulate measures for their relief. Why then, we ask, did not Mr. Flint stay in his own country and study the 3,500,000 (not 42) unemployed, who exist here? Obviously because he could not have met here a semi-penal colony, in which social conditions could be ignored and the cause of unemployment attributed to individual responsibility. It is this idea which his method would foster, for a large number of our worthy people, who are still living in the beginning of the century, when opportunities were abundant, and none needed be idle unless he wanted to, still believe it true. These good people are not conscious of the changes that the concentration of capital and the introduction of machinery, have wrought in the conditions of employment. They do not know that when the Sugar, Whiskey, Tobacco and other trusts began their operations, their first step was to dismantle a number of the plants involved in the consolidations and discharge the thousands of employees who operated them, as a consequence; or that they, by this concentration, saved millions of dollars spent in competitive advertising, thus taking from other industries, a source of employment to many. They are not aware that the economic occurrences are not casual, but constant. Accordingly, when they read in the metropolitan newspapers but a week ago that the Gas Combine of New York City had discharged 4,000 of its employees as useless, they did not realize what it signified. Nor, to digress a little, are these good people aware that in Germany (Mr. Flint's field of inquiry, limited), recently published statistics show that through the introduction of improved machinery, 26,000 men were displaced by women and children in the textile industries, during the past four years; or that, to return to America again, the Northrup loom is duplicating this process right here and now. But this is not all, for they are also in blissful ignorance of the fact that in New York State the Mergenthaler type-setting machine has decreased the working force of compositors, 41 per cent.; of electrotypes, 50 per cent.; and that according to the newspapers of December 20th, 1896, "One hundred men employed in the converting mills of the Carnegie Steel Co. at Duquesne, were dismissed because of the introduction by the company of the direct process of the manufacture of steel. Again, on the other hand, these people do not know of the efforts of the unemployed to obtain employment, efforts which completely destroy the statement that "they can be employed if they want to." "They do not know that the unions of the working class have employment bureaus, traveling loans and out-of-work benefits to assist their unemployed in their efforts to secure employment; or that these same unions have, in times of strikes and lockouts, to contend against large numbers of non-union unemployed, who are often brought from distant places to fill the vacant positions of the striking or locked-out men, at a great risk to their lives and under military and police protection. They do not know that 600 men offered to work at a dollar a day in Chicago recently, or that 300 compositors beset a printers' supply house in Beckman street, New York City, to obtain a position in the country at \$13 a week, or about one-half of their previous pay. Nor do they know that according to the newspapers, the United Hebrew Charities reported (about November 15th, 1896), 8,000 applicants for employment (not relief, please note), during the preceding year; while the Labor Bureau of the Civil Service Commission of New York City reported 30,000 applications from June 1st to December 1st, 1896. Here are facts covering large organizations and hundreds and thousands of men, not forty-two. What do they show? A desire to shirk work?

They show, as do the facts preceding them, that the article under consideration is misleading in method and statement, that both are being used for the purpose of fostering old and erroneous ideas, to wit: that there is plenty of work for all, that it is not social, but individual conditions that are responsible for the unemployed, and that the cure is not to be sought in society, but in the individual.

In conclusion, I wish to pen a few words about the "Wanderlust." Mr. Flint uses this expression quite frequently in all his articles, especially those on tramp life. He speaks of it as something inherent in human beings, and as a deterrent to them. In doing so he fails to discern one of its principal modern causes, and he also differs from his capitalist contemporaries in his estimate of it. For the "Wanderlust" is a creation of capitalism, and whoever denounces it had better beware! When capitalism began its fight against feudalism, in order to obtain "free" labor, it had to proclaim the right of the serf

to emigrate from the land to which he was bound. In this one of many ways it set large masses of people free to roam from city to city, or to become colonists in foreign countries. It sent murderous expeditions in search of new markets, and when they were successful, induced thousands, yes millions, to go and control them for its benefit. Today, it publishes alluring advertisements in foreign countries, in order that the transportation of emigrants may be large and profitable to steamship and railroad companies; that land colonization schemes in the North and South of this country and in the republics of South America, may flourish and pay large dividends to their promoters, who often are directors and stockholders in the aforementioned corporations. Today, capitalism, by false and misleading advertisements for labor and by the stern necessity for living which it imposes on labor, sends thousands of men tramping up and down the continent in search of work. It finds "it pays" to encourage the "Wanderlust" and it gets its singers to voice its praises accordingly.

Look out, Mr. Flint, you are tramping on dangerous ground, for unconsciously, you are fooling with one of the forces of capitalism! If you are sincere in your attacks upon the "Wanderlust," strike it as we do at the unemployed problem. Find that, as in the case of the unemployed, we must change social and not individual conditions; that when we have done that, "Wanderlust" will not be a curse to human beings, but a blessing; as it will not then be a means of acquiring bad habits because of a discouraging and wrong social system, which it helps to perpetuate, but a means for acquiring knowledge and cultivating an intelligence international in its broadness and aims. J. E. Brooklyn.

ON TOP AGAIN.

New Trade Unionist Boston Cigar-makers Rout the Gompers-Strasser Crew.

BOSTON, Dec. 29.—We desire to inform the comrades throughout the land that, after a hard fought contest in the Cigar-makers' International Union No. 97, of Boston, we have again succeeded in giving the pure and simple labor fakirs a good, sound whipping. In our last election, for local officers, T. F. Tracy, the lickspittle of Sammy Gompers, who was rewarded by the fakirs at the Detroit convention, with a mandate as delegate to A. F. of L., for engineering the extension of the term of office from 3 to 5 years for international officers, ran for president against our comrade, F. Thiebault, who is one of the ablest speakers in the Union and a member of the American Section, S. L. P. A desperate fight was made to get Tracy elected, and it was given out that Gompers was to be at the meeting to speak for him, but we are sorry that we were not given the opportunity to lay out Gompers, too; he did not show up. We had a warm reception arranged for him—possibly he got wind of it. Tracy got defeated by 600 votes against 439. Another big fight was made for vice-president, for which our comrade Leo Greenman was nominated against B. Smith, which resulted by the election of Greenman, also a member of the S. L. P. For secretary, Comrade Henry Abrahams, who had no opponent, and for treasurer, Comrade J. R. DeJong, also no opponent, were both elected.

For executive board we elected 7 Socialists out of 9 candidates; they are Joe Balam, Edm. Campers, Ed. Kirk, M. Klein, H. McGarrigle, S. Piller, B. Sachs. To delegates for C. L. U. we elected 5 out of 6. Here Tracy slipped in as delegate to C. L. U., at the tail end of the ticket, but still we hold the majority and can sit on him. Comrades elected to C. L. U. are Henry Abrahams, J. Balam, Chas. Claus, P. Mahoney and H. McGarrigle.

Please publish this in THE PEOPLE, because I don't want it to go into the waste basket of the editor of our own Cigar-makers' Official Journal, as it surely would if I sent it there, and besides this letter in print will tickle us and worry the fakirs. Fraternally,

ROUGH ON FAKIRS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Wild-Cat Paper Denounced.

EDITOR THE PEOPLE.—On account of many objectionable articles having appeared in a certain paper that sports the name of "Michigan Labor," especially the article in its issue of December 12th, 1896, where, under the heading, "Words that are bold and true, from Democratic Switzerland, Take Heed," the whole Socialist political movement is denounced and "practical" and "co-operative socialism" (societies or colonies) is pointed out to be necessary to break men into "popular administration," and also an article under the heading, "Along the Cinder Path," where populism is spoken of as "the demand of the people," the Socialist Science and Speakers' Club of Detroit, Mich., adopted the following resolution: Whereas, The paper called the "Michigan Labor" is not a socialist paper, is not advocating the true principles of socialism, and is not controlled by the Socialist Labor party, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Socialist Science and Speakers' Club declines to give its support to said paper and requests its members (where it has been given) to withdraw their support.

P. FRIESEMA, Jr., Sec.
Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30, 1896.

EDITOR THE PEOPLE.—At last night's regular monthly meeting of the Boston American Section the following was adopted:

Whereas, For some time a paper called "Massachusetts Labor," published in Tennessee, has been coming into this State as an exponent of socialism and the Socialist Labor Party in this commonwealth, therefore,

Ordered, That the State Committee be requested (1) to inform this Section whether this paper is a bona fide Massachusetts paper; (2) if not, who, if any one in this State is responsible for the misleading title given it; (3) whether the State Committee or any of its members are responsible for, or interested in said paper; (4) whether it is not largely made up of the matter used in a paper, also published in Tennessee, called the "Coming Nation." N. N. Boston, Jan. 5.

BROWSINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Past and Present Instances of How Things that Are Meek to Remain.

The capitalistic press is very loud in doling out its political sop. The labor fakir and politician are lending them a great deal of wind. On the other hand, we see the honest labor agitator instilling the truth into the workmen. As the interests of the toilers and the capitalists are antagonistic, it is plain that the capitalists will insist on the fakir making as much noise as possible, and the agitator being as quiet as a mute. This recalls Macknobski meeting his friend just returned from the old country, inquiring about his brother across the sea. "He," said Macknobski's friend, "is doing fine. He is general in the army and wears a gold uniform and a gilded sword."

"Oh," exclaimed M., "do say that louder so they can hear you many blocks up the street."

"How," further inquired M., "is my sister getting along?"

"She," answered M.'s friend, in a loud voice, "is now making her living by walking the streets at night."

"For God's sake," exclaimed M., "let's talk about that in a lower tone."

I was asked the other day what we would do with the capitalist under Socialism, or the Co-operative Commonwealth. I replied that we would treat him just the same as we would the tramps—we would put him to work and make him an honor to himself and useful to society.

An arrangement of society where the larger part produce all the wealth and receive but a very small fraction of this wealth, is surely in violation of all conception of justice.

Socialists who advocate palliatives are not honest.

One of those comfortable middle class people who expected to be able to make him still more comfortable by lifting his mortgages, lately railed at me by saying I was making the people discontented. I replied that this was flattering me. This would be accomplishing more than all the Socialists in their organized capacity. For the Socialist Labor party has not yet fulfilled the great part of its mission in making the toilers discontented with their slavish and brutalized condition. Had we finished this part of our mission, the working class in the last election would never have voted their masters' tickets—the Demopop and Republican ballots.

A Socialist in traveling in the South has constant opportunity to embellish his economic knowledge by coming in contact with ex-slave owners. Recently, talking with an ex-slave driver, he told me that the slaves up to 1856 were as easy to control as the mules themselves. That there was no occasion to even be severe with them, and that the barbarous practices necessary to discipline them, as depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," did not exist until after 1856.

From that date, he said, they rapidly grew insubordinate on account of the ideas of the injustice of slavery having spread among them. Just where it started and what means they had of spreading it, the whites to this day do not know. In the language of this ex-slave driver, "abolitionism seemed to have been sent down from the North among the niggers on the wings of the devil." Some mysterious influence had put it in their heads to be sassy and shirk their work. They would get out of their cabins at midnight and hold secret meetings in the woods and open fields. So a little before the breaking out of the Civil War I went to my employer and told him that one overseer could no longer keep the niggers in bounds, and that he would be compelled to have two overseers—one for the day and one for the night. He replied that profit in niggers had got down so low that he could not afford any more expense, and so I quit the job of walloping niggers. My employer then made one of the meanest and most brutal slaves the overseer.

When I asked what was the effect of a slave enslaving another slave, he replied that his nigger overseer became so self-conceited, and to make sure he would hold his exalted position, he would almost break his own neck in trying to break the necks of the other niggers. Indeed, in most instances, these niggers gave better satisfaction to their masters than white overseers. Of course their masters petted them, and wine and dined them.

This ex-slave driver has given us wage slaves some useful object lessons: (1) We, the wage slaves, like the chattel slaves in 1856, are becoming insubordinate on account of the ideas of injustice spreading among us. But unlike the chattel slave, we have much greater advantage of spreading these ideas. If they spread so rapidly among those slaves, how, like the lightning, will they spread among the present enslaved classes. (2) How like the labor fakir and politician were those "nigger" overseers. Do not our masters, the capitalists, pick out of our ranks the "meanest and most brutal" to oversee us in the factory and to shoot us down when we go out on a strike to demand more bread? And do not our masters "pet" these hirelings, and "wine and dine them?"

C. R. DAVIS.

Brighton, Ill.

YONKERS, Jan. 6.—A Labor Lyceum has been established in Yonkers, in which all progressive literature will be found.

A series of lectures is being arranged, and the place will be open every evening and all day Sunday.

The dues are only 10 cents per month. The rooms are over Walsh's drug store, corner of Getty Square.

Any of our comrades who feel inclined are invited to arrange some evening for a lecture or speech.

The reform papers throughout the country are invited to send one year's subscription FREE to the Yonkers Labor Lyceum, care of Secretary, 120 Oliver Avenue.

ANXIOUS JOURNEY

Of a Young Man in Search of a Free and Glorious Republic.

"Behold, there was once a sad, but earnest young man, who was anxious to enjoy the liberty which prevails in a free and glorious republic. He dwelt in that 'effete monarchy,' reigned over by Queen Victoria, as she is called by polite folk, but who is sometimes referred to by the unregenerate denizens of White-chapel as 'that bloomin' ole widdler, Vicky Brown.'"

One day the young man arose and exclaimed: "I will leave this monarchy, I will cease to be a subject. I will lie me unto some free and glorious republic, where all the people are free, happy and independent, and where I shall be a citizen."

He went into the southern coast of England, and longingly he gazed in the direction of France, for he knew it to be a republic, and he intended to go thither. But he met a native of that land, and saluting him, he said:

"Why comest thou from that free and glorious republic of thine? Why turnest thou thy face towards monarchy?"

The lively Gaul replied flippantly: "Mort! non; si you seek a free and glorious republic, go not to France, for there you will find less liberty and more corruption than prevailed a generation ago under the Second Empire."

Six years ago they had a President, Jules Grevy, whose son-in-law, Charles Wilson, sold Legion of Honor decorations to every thief who had stolen enough to buy them with, and when the indignant citizens tried to expel this disgraceful President from his position, he clung to office like a petulant child to a favorite toy. The Panama swindle was perpetrated there, and so many government officials, from President Carnot down, were implicated in the disgraceful affair, that it was truly remarked after the exposé by a wit, 'There are no public men of honesty left in France.' The Max Lebaudy affair, more recently, proved that a like condition of corruption in high places continues, and Jacques St. Cyr, a well-known hired journalistic mouthpiece of capitalism, was proved to be a common swindler. There are strikes among underpaid toilers; there is suffering and want among the many useful workers; and the authorities in France mock all this want and suffering, by the grand fetes and celebrations given in honor of the visit of that arch-despot and tyrant over millions of serfs, Tsar Nicholas II. Go not thither, my friend. If you would enjoy liberty, seek the American republic."

"I will do as you advise me," replied the young one. He took ship, and crossing the broad Atlantic ocean, in due time reached New York City.

He arrived here during the last Presidential election, and was surprised to find this free and glorious republic afflicted with a plague of bugs. The "perspiring jaw" was painfully manifest in this great land, and the mouthy horde of hired political stump orators and labor fakirs were beating the Father of Lies at his own game.

Sadly the young traveler exclaimed: "I see nothing glorious or free here. There appears to be as much want, misery, deceit and robbery in this republic as in the monarchy I left. However, I will investigate."

He wandered aimlessly about the streets, seeking some evidence of a free and glorious republic, until he drifted into Grand street, and there, tired of searching, he began to inquire.

Perceiving a young man standing on the corner, who appeared to have no object in life, it occurred to the traveler to occupy the leisure of the loafer with a question. Approaching him the young man asked: "I am looking for a free and glorious republic, and I would like to meet one well versed in politics; a great leader or a statesman who could point out to me the benefits of this so-called free and happy land. Could you tell me where I could find such, my friend?"

"If yer want ter see a statesman come wid me ter Silver Dollar Smith's," replied the loafer.

Together they both adjourned to that gaudy saloon, where the whiskey and politics indulged in are so extremely rotten that even experts in both do not even know which of the two is worse.

When the young traveler beheld the floor covered with silver dollars he exclaimed: "Oh! at last I behold the lavish and reckless glory of this great republic! I will converse with this great statesman Smith, who, I have no doubt, is a man of great liberality, both of purse and principles." Then, approaching the ex-Assemblyman, who stood behind the bar, he thus apostrophized him: "Oh! great and honorable statesman! Oh! thou who are called by thy fellow-citizens—on account of thy grandeur and liberality, I presume—Silver Dollar Smith; instruct me, I pray, in the principles of this free republic; tell me of its many glories. I am seeking a free and glorious republic, and thou canst tell me wherein this nation is grand, pure and liberty-loving."

Silver Dollar Smith gasped with astonishment when thus addressed. Rapidly removing the whiskey bottle from its proximity to the traveler, he warningly cried: "Look out, boys, he's got 'em!"

The crowd of political heelers, who most do congregate there to discuss

straight whiskey and crooked politics, drew back in horror and amazement. The earnest young man repeated his request, and to him Silver Dollar Smith exclaimed: "Ah! Shut yer face and git out of here! Go west, young man;" and he supplemented these remarks with such a threatening gesture that the young man hurried out. As he passed from the place, he heard one of its habitués remark, sardonically, to the others: "Dat must be der last of der Goo Goo; I tought dey was all dead." To which another replied: "Naw; dat's no Goo Goo, dat duck's bin hittin' der booze too hard an' he's got der reptiles."

The traveler mused much about those words: "Go West, young man." He began to think that probably the East was overpopulated, and degraded by too close a proximity to European countries, and that, perhaps in the West he might find a country more like the free and glorious republic which he sought. Westward, accordingly, he proceeded, studying, inquiring and hoping for some vestige of freedom and glory, but disappointment met him everywhere. At length, on the 3d of November, he arrived in Chicago.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, "this is the day when the citizens of this republic exercise the highest prerogative of their liberty: When they all go, the poor equally with the rich, to the polls to elect their officers. I will watch this proceeding. I shall see the freedom of this great republic evidenced at last."

He saw many men wearing gaudy-colored badges loitering in close proximity to the polls, and when he saw them persuading and enticing men to vote, he exclaimed: "Oh, how patriotically anxious they are to urge their fellow-citizens to exercise their right of suffrage. Are they not acting up to that precept of Solon the Athenian, who held that all citizens of a republic should be even compelled, if necessary, to vote?" But in surprise and sadness, he observed many who were unwilling to vote, and who appeared to be waiting for something.

Considering these men derelict in their most sacred duty, he approached one and thus accosted him: "Why, friend, why do you hesitate to exercise the greatest privilege of your free and glorious republic? Why do you not vote?" The free and independent voter eyed him for a while warily and then in cautious tones, queried: "Say, pardner, are you a politician? How much is there in it?"

The traveler, now a sad young man, could not comprehend, and was about to discourse further, when the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a third, whose uncertain equilibrium proved plainly, that he was carrying what in vulgarly termed, an elegant jag. Addressing the hesitating voter, the new-comer interjected: "Say, sport, deys all votin' down dere."

"What are they voting for?" asked the wavering one. "Three dollars a piece, hurry up, or you'll git left," whispered he of the jag, so low that the traveler could not hear. "Well, the uncertain one exclaimed aloud, 'I think that price will buy my vote,' and he hurried off in the direction indicated."

"The price of his liberty," mused the traveler, who had overheard this last remark. "What can that be? Oh!" he exclaimed, "I remember the old adage, 'price of liberty is eternal vigilance.' I will see this liberty and this eternal vigilance when they are exchanged." He followed the voter, he saw what he received and sighed deeply, for that "eternal vigilance," looked so very much like three dollars that the difference was not perceptible. With much anguish in his tones, he thus reproved the dishonest citizen: "Why dost thou sell for paltry lures thy sacred privilege?" To which the other replied, sarcastically: "Go West, young man."

Now, the sad young traveler was not acquainted with the ubiquitous nature of this chestnut, hence he took the words literally and proceeded still further westward, as far as San Francisco. When he arrived there he could not go further westward, because beyond that the east begins again. He wandered disconsolately about the streets of that city, searching by day and night for that free and glorious republic in much the same manner as Diogenes searched for truth in the streets of Athens, and with much the same success. His disappointment became keen, and his anguish of soul more intense at his continental failure. One night, while he was thus deeply abstracted in sorrowful musings, he was walking through a very dark street, and so intent was he upon his thoughts that he did not perceive a disreputable looking drunkard approaching in a contrary direction. The tipsy night owl was no other than old blind Boss Buckley, who made himself infamous in New York at the time of Boss Tweed and who has since been sojourning in San Francisco, and incidentally dabbling in dirty politics there. "Where in h— are yer goin' ter?" ejaculated Boss Buckley; and therunto he added a long string of unprintable profanities.

"My friend," softly and politely replied the traveler, "I beg of thee to have patience with me, for I am upon a noble, but unsuccessful quest. I am seeking a free and glorious republic, where men know not misery, where they enjoy freedom, and where there are no deceit and corruption among government officials. Knowest thou, my friend, of such a place?"

Aggravated with grim astonishment, the quondam boss glared at him with vacant and sightless orbs, and then, recovering himself, ejaculated: "Thehell-yousay?" Go West, young man."

Next day the young man took ship, crossed the broad Pacific, and in due time arrived in the Chinese empire. There he thus sadly soliloquized: "I was born and raised in a constitutional monarchy, and I found no freedom there; I have traveled through a great republic, and I found no freedom there either; I am now beneath the most effete government in the world, and I find here that conditions are not worse than in either of the two lands I know. I have learned that mere forms of political liberty are of no avail, unless accompanied by industrial and economical freedom; that it is absurd to give the poor the right to vote and yet leave with a class the power to purchase or coerce their suffrages."

Thus journey and the quest ended. JAMES ALLMAN.
New York.

PARTY NEWS.

Activity of Militant Socialists East, West, North and South.

National Executive.

Regular meeting held January 5th, 1897. Comrade Franz in the chair. Absent, Stahl, excused.
Charter granted new Section at Salt Lake City.

J. W. Latimer reported expelled by Section Oakland, California.
CHAS. B. COPP, Rec. Sec.

National Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged\$1,976 05
December, 1896.

28. Coll. by Fr. Kalbitz, Chicago, on List N. 77..... 50

30. Sec. Greenville, coll. on Lists Nos. 203, 210, 211. 4 13

January, 1897.

5. Adolph Schirmer, Frohna, Mo..... 25

5. Sec. Coal City, Ill., coll. on List No. 67..... 40

Total\$1,981 38

HENRY KUHN, Sec.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—This is the vote in this State:

Presidential Electors-at-Large—Emil Liess, 1,611 votes; Lemuel D. Biddle, 1,561 votes.

In the four out of the seven Congressional Districts in the State, where we had candidates, our vote was as follows:

Third District—J. Eustice, 787 votes.

Fourth District—E. T. Kingsley, 986 votes.

Fifth District—H. Daniels, 757 votes.

Sixth District—Job Harriman, 642 votes. Total, 3,954 votes.

The city vote of San Francisco was as follows:

Mayor, Oliver Everett, 958 votes.

Superintendent of Streets, August Mueller, 1,246 votes.

Judges of Police Court—Wm. E. Costley, 2131 votes; P. Silverstein, 1,969; H. Warnke, 1,850.

Supervisors—1st Ward, G. A. Peterson, 1,774 votes; 2d Ward, A. J. Sivell, 1,605; 3d Ward, Alfred Grimes, 2,297; 4th Ward, C. Prarak, 1,755; 6th Ward, W. P. Baruth, 1,641; 7th Ward, F. Schiller, 1,760; 8th Ward, R. A. Copeland, 1,705; 9th Ward, H. Warnke, Jr., 1,506; 10th Ward, H. F. Sahlender, 1,778; 11th Ward, E. A. Bohm, 1,610; 12th Ward, E. Hoffman, 1,625.

School Directors—Sidney Armer, 3,183 votes; D. A. Bean, 2,983; Miss J. Beguhl, 2,680; Arthur Conti, 2,325; Paul Grottkan, 1,950; Christina Hecht, 2,487; Wm. Lewis, 1,863; Jane A. Roulston, 2,291; Anna Strunsky, 2,087.

This is an average city vote of 1,957 against an average of 934 of two years ago. This is 3.06 per cent. of the total vote cast, and brings us within the law as an officially recognized party.

The State Senatorial vote is as follows:

Twenty-seventh District, Jos. Latimer, 141 votes; 1.76 per cent. of votes cast (in district).

The Assembly vote is as follows:

Twenty-eighth District, Henry Blumer, 94 votes, 3.52 per cent.; 29th District, John Crook, 113 votes, 4.03 per cent.; 30th District, H. Flashaar, 141 votes, 5.08 per cent.; 31st District, A. Schuler, 111 votes, 3.50 per cent.; 32d District, C. H. Baker, 99 votes, 4.00 per cent.; 33d District, Geo. Aspden, 90 votes, 2.91 per cent.; 34th District, F. C. Moseback, 125 votes, 7.68 per cent.; 42d District, Chas. A. Stuenkel, 65 votes, 2.25 per cent.; 43d District, Chas. Schinkel, 68 votes, 2.70 per cent.; 47th District, Lewis Graf, 67 votes, 1.56 per cent.; 48th District, H. Viers, 83 votes, 3.40 per cent.; 49th District, J. L. McCloskey, 81 votes, 2.41 per cent.; 50th District, C. Fossberg, 60 votes, 1.98 per cent.; 51st District, James Andrew, 167 votes, 4.00 per cent.

EDEL HECHT,
Sec. State Ex. Com.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—The Am. Sec. held its regular monthly meeting at 45 Elliot street last night.

Comrade Greenman, the newly elected vice-president of Cigar-makers' Union No. 97, was elected chairman. Officers were elected for the ensuing six months. A resolution was adopted inquiring into the so-called "Massachusetts Labor."

Beginning Friday evening, January 8th, agitation meetings will be held in the Old Franklin School House, Washington street, near Dover street, every Friday evening.

SOMERVILLE, Jan. 4.—Section Somerville meets in Independence Hall, Union Square, Somerville, at 7.30 every Sunday evening. The speaker for January 10th, is Comrade Jas. F. Carey, of Haverhill.

New Jersey.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 4.—Section Essex County held its regular monthly meeting on 3d inst. When the different committees and officers rendered their reports, which were all quite satisfactory, new officers were elected for the coming six months.

We start the new year, in spite of the adverse conditions (and the devils that agitate them), not in the least cast down or discouraged. But, girded up and determined to make our efforts "tell for Emancipation or Socialism" in these coming four years, stronger than all our efforts of the past.

Although our Christmas festival was not a financial success, it was a success every other way, and the committee deserve and have the appreciation of all the comrades and little ones that enjoyed their labors.

We will have a Commune festival in our own headquarters, 1, c., the Essex Co. Socialist Club Rooms, and if there is any cream to rake off, the Section will do the raking, and use it in the spring campaign to rake over the dry bones, fakirs and fossils in the public streets of this pseudo civilization, from our four speakers platforms.

We must acknowledge that the establishment of the Socialist Club with its social features has been of great benefit to the movement, both as a rendezvous and base of operations.

